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A
SICK-BED SOLILOQUY
T O
An Empty Purse:
I N
LATIN and ENGLISH Verse.

Most humbly Submitted and Inscribed to the
Right Honourable JOHN Earl of STAIR.

To which is added
A CURSE upon PUNCH;

In Imitation of
The third EPODE of HORACE:

Addressed to the
Right Honourable THOMAS Lord Visc. KILMORY.

By Mr. MITCHELL.

Quantum mutatus ab illo?

L O N D O N:
Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by W. MEARS at the Lamb
on Ludgate-Hill.

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Latin and English Verse

Much handsomely submitted and intended to the
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By the
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4. 13. 33/



By M^r. W. MURRAY

Printed and sold by W. MURRAY at the Lamp

LONDON:
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P R E F A C E.

THE Occasion of these Productions was this: I happened lately to get drunk, (for *Poets*, you know, are all *Occasional Conformists* to the *Bacchinalian Church*) and consequently fell into a Fit of Sickness, which made me think of Death, and curse the malignant *Punch* that caused it, as I have done in the *Epistle* to Lord KILMORY; wherein I have imitated an *Epode* of my old Friend HORACE, upon a like Occasion. And, whereas, while I lay a Bed, my *Purse* was unluckily presented to my Eye, in a very miserable Condition indeed, being quite empty and destitute of the precious *Medals*, that were wont to enrich it! I cou'd not forbear expostulating with it; first, for making me so unseasonable a Visit; and, in the next Place, giving it serious Advice about *Ways* and *Means* for a Supply; which (if you, *Reader*, know my good Lord STAIR's Spirit and Regard for such Merit as mine is) you are sure I might depend on.

BUT perhaps you'll ask me, *Why I print such Trifles? What has the World to do with me and my Affairs? I might have died and been damn'd, for what you care.* Not unlikely! Yet, pray, *Gentlemen*, do not be in a Passion before you read my Reason, which, out of many that I cou'd produce, is only This—Honest WILL. MEARS tender'd me a few tempting *Guineas* for the *Copy*, and these Things are not to be slighted, as Times go. Such is human Frailty, that Gold will make one consent to print any Thing, whether it be according to Conscience or not: Instances whereof we see daily, both in sacred and political Matters! If you are not satisfy'd with this, why then I must tell you plainly, that I do not think myself oblig'd to give you any Reason at all. Does a *Beggar* render an Account why he begets *Children*? That is for his Pleasure, and This for mine. Having brought *Brats* into the World, it is our Duty to provide for their Preservation.

Shou'd you, after all, advise me rather to employ my *Muse* upon nobler Subjects, such as our GRACIOUS KING, SIR ROBERT, KOULI KAN, or Count KONIGSEGG, all I shall say is, that every Genius cannot trifle to Purpose, but that next Time I sing it will be *Paulo majora* indeed! Mean while, let us pray that *We may not be led into Temptation, but deliver'd from the Evil of pernicious Punch for evermore.* Amen.

M I T C H E L L I Cubantis
S O L I L O Q U I U M

A D

V A C U A M B U R S A M.

PERNICIOSA movet dum Febris membra tumultus
Per meæ sollicitos, flamma torrente medullas,

Bellaque corporeæ intentat lethalia formæ,

Cur, velut umbra, oculis venis obvia, Bursula, nostris,

Terribilis visu, & macie confecta suprema ?

Cur diræ rerum species mea pectora turbant ?

Cur paupertatis miseræ mihi surgit imago

Horrida ? Menè animo jam spem dimittere nostro,

Remque, tibi similem, fieri sine munere Vitæ ?

Hinc discede procul, Quid ? Adhucne, ingrata, moraris,

Ut domino insultes curis morbisque jacenti ?

Estne tibi nostros animus intendere casus ?

—At cupis ipsa loqui ? Quid habes sub prodere lucem ?

Nullam sacrilegi labem, nec sanguinis, opto !

Tu

A
SICK-BED SOLILOQUY
TO
An EMPTY PURSE.

WHILE baleful Fever, with progressive Rage,
Among my Spirits dreadful Havock makes,

And threatens Ruin to this mortal Frame,

Why, like a Ghost, dost thou, disastrous Purse,

Lank, lean, and rueful, to my Sight appear?

Why, for my Torture, are Ideas dire

Awak'd, and horrid Images of Want

Presented to my View? Must I despair,

And, like thy self, become a lifeless Thing?

Vanish! avaunt.—Ha! stay'st thou yet, t'insult

Thy wretched Master in Distress, Ingrate?

Mean'st thou t'enhance and aggravate my Woe?

—But wouldst thou speak? What hast thou to reveal?

No Murder sure, no sacrilegious Crime!

Yet

Ad quoddam fatale caput fontemque malignum,
 Tu tamen hanc debes stragem, miseramque ruinam,
 Hoc vacuum horrendum. Num te jactura bonorum
 Ta liter immeritam non expectata redegit?
 Ob tuā vel meritis pœnas commissa dedisti?
 Remne tuam nimio oblimasti prodiga sumptu?
 Teve mala ingluvie scurrarum turba vorarunt?
 Dic mihi, damnatusne unquam præs ipsa fuisti,
 Credula non gratis nimium mortalibus? Eheu!
 Ergo non mirum, si desolata supremo
 In contemptu habita es! Nidus quam sordidus ipse est,
 Omnes cum pennis sumptus abiēre volucres!
 Nunc es egena quidem miserandi Bursa Poetæ!
 Heu! quantum mutata à quo te novimus olim,
 Cum sonus aureolūm placidos emisit ad aurem.
 Conventus, & dulce melos de ventre cavato,
 Corripuitque animam! — Sed, adhuc, sic umbra manebis,
 Ens incorporeum, sine fructu nomen inane?
 Quo tum more tuus Dominus miserabilis ipse
 Dissolvam reliqua, assiduam Cereremve ^{71a} pabo?

Yet to some fatal and malignant Cause
 Thou ow'st thy Bankrupt State, this Vacuum curs'd:
 Hast thou, by Losses unforeseen, undue,
 Been thus reduc'd? Or, by thy Sins, brought down
 Judgment deserv'd? Has Folly drain'd thy Store?
 Or flattering Friends thy Desolation wrought?
 Say, wert thou ever Bail or Surety fix'd?
 Or hast thou too much Credit given to Men?
 Ah! then, no wonder thou'rt abandon'd now,
 Despis'd, forlorn. How odious and abhor'd
 Appears the Nest, when all its Birds are flown?
 Now thou art poor indeed, a Poet's Purse!
 How chang'd, alas! from what I knew thee once,
 When yellow Guineas, from thy hollow Womb,
 Sent Music to the Ear and charm'd the Soul,
 But wilt thou thus remain, a Shadow still,
 An unsubstantial Being, without Use?
 How then shall I, thy luckless Master, pay
 Arrears of Debt, or purchase daily Bread?

How

Quo sua sistrā dabo medicis, schedulamque remittam
 Mystica scripta mihi referentem pharmacopolæ?
 Quove foras ibo? Quis enim, sine numine vestro
 Inspirantem animos Bacchum, potumve minorem
 Zythi, præbebit? Si, dic, apparitor atrox
 In me crudeles raptim superinjicit ungues,
 Quis se tum prædem pro me committere vellet?
 Creditor an Phœbi jussu componet acerbus,
 Æræ cum teneris mutabit debita rythmis?
 Tune putes, rationis inops, quod & ille bicornem
 Parnassum acciperet sub pignora? Nempe, nec ipse,
 Nec Tagus auriferus, Pactolus & auriger amnis,
 Dulcia nec Tempe, Elysi nec amœna beati,
 Pondera fordidulis vel habebunt ulla tabernis
 Artificum, nec enim rescindent syngraphon unum.
 Non Orpheus, famâ notus, qui saxa ferasque
 Traxit, & infernas cantus dulcedine sedes,
 Moverat, ipse suo vocis modulamine summo
 Aures fartoris posset mulcere retusas,
 Pectora carnificis nec solvere dura cruenti.

How fee the Doctors, and discharge the Bill
 Of 'Potheacary mystic? How appear abroad?
 Who will, without thy wonted Aid, afford
 Inspiring Punch, or Wine, or Beer and Ale?
 Say, shou'd insidious Catchpoles on me lay
 Arresting Paws, who will declare my Bail?
 Wou'd Creditors to Composition come
 At *Phæbus*' Call, or barter Debt for Rhime?
 Think'ft thou, unnatural Thing, they'd stoop to take
 A Mortgage on *Parnassius*? Ah! nor That,
 Nor *Tagus* and *Paëtolus*' golden Streams,
 Nor *Tempe* fair, nor blest *Elysum*'s Self,
 Wou'd current pass in sordid Tradesman's Shop,
 Nor cancel one poor Bond! Not *Orpheus* fam'd
 Whose Musick melted Rocks, and charm'd all Hell,
 With his best Strains, could sooth a Taylor's Ear,
 Or thaw a Butcher's Heart! Shou'd I, to such

Ipse ego si canerem, magno non impar Homero;
 His male morigeris, parvis animisque, superbum
 Æaciden, prudentem Ithacum, Pylumque sagacem,
 Hectora, Tydiden, nec non Telamone creatum,
 Rere meos cantus expungere nomina posse?
 Carmina nulla valent rationes tergere ab illis,
 Qui nil præterquam laudant in vatibus aurum,
 Quo dominum potes ipsa ^{tu} monstrare carentem!
 —Ah! Musa, est tempus jamnunc incendere lauros,
 In falicesque Lyram teque & suspendere vestram.
 70 Et fuge tute oculis, macilenta O Burfula, nostros;
 Nec magis huc venias, dominum terrere maligno
 Tam vultu, nobis præfagia læva ferenti.
 Hinc, procul! I ^{quædam} ~~quædam~~ ad miserum, qui te caret uti.
 —Siste tamen: pravâ nolem te forde teneri,
 Et novi te malle meis subsidere fatis.
 Ergo Bursa, prius quam nos secedimus, unum
 Incipe moliri audacem precor ipse laborem.
 I, velut es, vacua & queribunda require STAIRUM,
 Dulce decus nostrum, rerum Columenque mearum,
 (O utinam Dominus tuus ipsemet ire valeret!)
 Excutiatque petas fatum miserabile vestrum,

Low-bred, low-soul'd, like mighty *Homer*, sing
 Divine *Achilles*, *Hector*, *Diomedes*,
Ulysses wife, stern *Ajax*, *Nestor* sage,
 Think'st thou, for Payment, they'd accept my Song?
 Verses avail not to wipe out their Scores,
 Who value nought Poetic, but the Gold,
 Which thou, O Purse, canst shew thy Master wants.
 —Ah! wretched Muse, 'tis Time to burn the Bays,
 And on the Willow hang my Harp and Thee.
 —And thou, lank Purse, behold my Face no more;
 No more appear, to scare me with thy Looks,
 So meagre and portentous! Hence, begone
 To some old Miser, who thy Service wants.
 Yet stay — I wou'd not have Thee ill employ'd,
 And know thou'dst rather take thy Fate with me.
 Then, prithee Purse, one bold Adventure make
 Before we part. Go, empty as thou art,
 Trembling and plaintive to my Patron STAIR,
 (O were thy Master well himself to go!)
 And bid him weigh thy Circumstances dire,
Thy

Tabificamque luem, & domini quoque tristia — Quis scit
 Quin pauci aureoli præsentis imagine cusi
 Cæsaris, aut Caroli, aut Jacobi, vel Gulielmi,
 Nobilis aut Annæ, magni Georgive prioris,
 (Nam Genus omne probo nummi discrimine nullo,
 Nec studeo cujus Partis causæve sit aurum)
 Munificâ fortasse manu labantur ab illâ?
 Aut mage (quod votis habeo) si mens foret ipsi
 Te loculis inferre suis tempusque sub aptum
 Promere ut es miseram, præsignes inter amicos,
 Tantum animo, quam vi, vati prodesse, beatos,
 Quantum mutata, & quam tu jucunda, redires!
 Quàmque, ô, grata meis avidis amplexibus esses!
 Tunc ego te Burfam veram, Comitemque, putarem!
 —I, fac tentamen. Si frontem maximus Heros
 Iratus caperat, pulsam aut te negligit, eheu!
 Infelix vixit Mitchellus longius æquo:
 Namque quidem Cælo-inspiratis vita Poetis
 Fit mors, propitio vacuis fulgore potentum.

F I N I S.

Thy deep Consumption, and thy Master's Case.

Who knows but, from his well-known generous Hand,

Some golden Medals of our *Cæsar's* Stamp,

Of *Charles* or *James*, of *William*, *Ann*, or *George*,

(For all alike are Guineas good to me,

Who make no Party Matter of the Gold)

May happily be dropt? Or, shou'd he rather chuse

(O that he wou'd!) to put thee in his Fob,

And at a lucky Season pull thee out,

Wretch as thou art, among his Noble Friends,

Bles'd both with Pow'r and Will to help a Bard,

How chang'd, how charming, wou'dst thou then return!

And, O! how welcome to my longing Arms!

Then wou'dst thou be at once my Purse and Friend.

Away, and make Experiment. Shou'd STAIR

Offended, frown, or throw thee careless by,

Too long, alas! hath luckless *Mitchell* liv'd;

For Life is Hell to Poets, Heav'n-inspir'd,

Without the Smiles and Bounty of the Great.

F I N I S.

THE
Third EPODE of HORACE
IMITATED.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Visc. KILMORY.

ARGUMENT.

The Roman Poet having shewn his Dislike to an Onion that made him Sick, the English shews his to Punch, that had almost kill'd him.

IS there a Traitor, Whoremonger, or Thief,
Or (a) Parricide, of Villains all the Chief,
Who kills his Parent, nor repents the Deed?
Be baleful Punch his Punishment decreed.
Punch! that no mortal Man alive wou'd drink,
Had he but Power or Willingness to think.

O (b) hardy Stomachs of egregious Sots,
Who pour its Poison down devouring Throats,
Set down to smoke, or standing at the Bar,
* At ASHLEY's London, or at EWEN's Star.

(a) *Parentis olim si quis impiâ manu*

Senile guttur fregerit,

Edat cicutis allium nocentius.

O (b) *dura mefforum Ilia!*

* Two famous Punch-Houses upon Ludgate-Hill.

(c) For

(c) For me, I feel, in ev'ry Nerve and Vein,
Its latent Mischief hold tyrannick Reign;
As if it were my Lot to suffer Death
By Viper's Venom, or a Witch's Breath!

Sure when (d) MEDEA fix'd on JASON first,
For her Gallant, she gave him Punch accurs'd;
With which the fiery Bulls he sudden broke,
And made them tamely take a Victor's Yoke.
Steep, wash, or sprinkle, whatsoe'er you please,
The curst Liquor murders by Degrees.
Dip but your Letter in a flowing Bowl,
As soon as read departs its Reader's Soul.

(c) *Quid hoc veneni sevit in præcordiis?*

Num viperinus hic cruor

Incoctis herbis me fefellit? an malas

Canidia tractavit dapes?

Ut Argonautas præter omnes candidum

(d) *Medea miratus est ducem,*

Ignota tauris illigaturum juga,

Perunxit hoc Jasonem:

Hoc delibutis ultra donis pellicem

Serpente fugit alise,

Not

(e) Not more is scorch'd an *Ethiopian's* Skin
 With *PHOEBUS'* Beams, than I with Punch within :
 Nor felt more Torments *HERCULES* the brave,
 Wearing the Shirt his *DE JANIRA* gave.
 Compar'd to mine, how faint the Flames below,
 Which sinful Souls of Papists undergo,
 'Till, purg'd and pure, they wing towards the Skies,
 Swift as from Bow a bearded Arrow flies!

If e'er your Lordship after Punch shou'd (f) lust,
 Ne'er may you bus my Lady, nor be bus'd:
 And, ev'ry Time you taste it, may she cry
 Foh! and, offended, your Embraces fly.

(e) *Nec tantus unquam siderum insedit vapor*

Siticulose Apulie ;

Nec munus humeris efficacis Herculis

Inarsit aestuosus.

At, si unquam tale (f) concupiveris,

Jocose Macenas, precor

Manum puella suavis opponat tua

Extrema & in sponda cubet.

F I N I S.